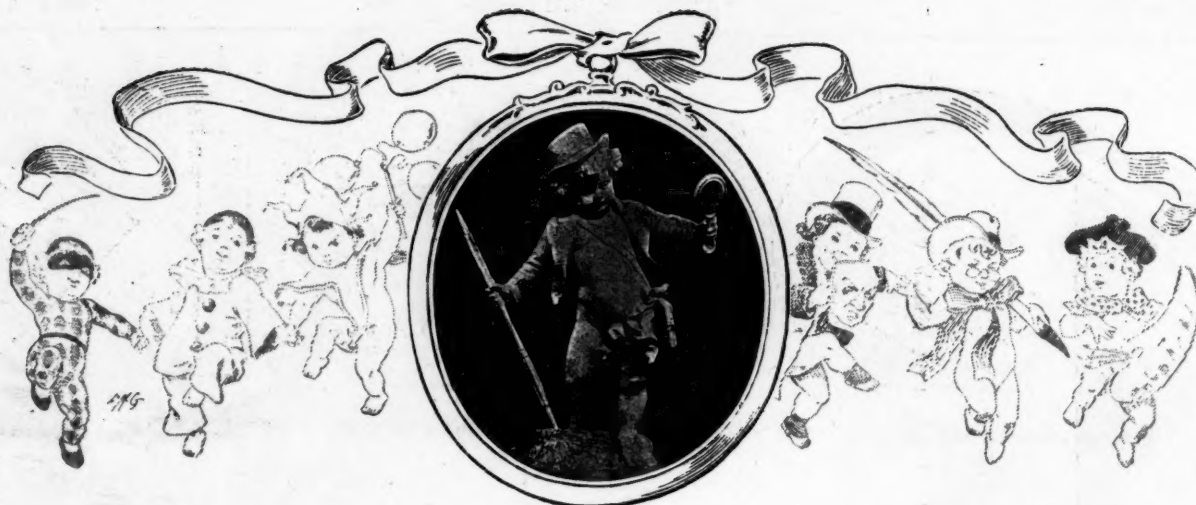


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GERM PROOF.

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.

"NONE OF THOSE MICROBES WILL GET ME WHILE I CAN BUY THIS VACCINE!"



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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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Cartoons and Comments

By the exercise of a little self-control we have managed to refrain from rejoicing over the Government's "victory" in the Standard Oil case. There has been such a clamor of journalistic jubilation in editorial and cartoon that PUCK's absence from the general merrymaking probably was n't noticed; but in case any reader wonders if we *know* that a decision favorable to the Government has lately been rendered, we hasten to say that we do. Chief of our reasons for not joining in the jollification over the "downfall" of Standard Oil is the fact that it is bad policy to celebrate a victory for the home team just because it has a lead of two runs in the fifth inning, or to try to cash a bet on the favorite in a horse-race because he leads by a neck in the back-stretch. Somewhere, sandwiched in between pictures of the dismantled Octopus and able articles discussing whether the credit of the victory belongs to ROOSEVELT or to TAFT, we recall having seen an obscure little item to the effect that Standard Oil will carry up the case to the United States Supreme Court. This being so, we reserve our cartoons and comments until that deliberate tribunal has handed down the final say. We can be as hilarious as the next fellow when there is anything to get hilarious over.

THERE is one phase of this Sugar Trust mess that we wish could be emphasized more than it has been, and that is the part played by campaign contributions in getting for the Sugar interests that continuous immunity from interference

which they undoubtedly enjoyed. That the Sugar Trust was enabled to steal, and was safeguarded in its stealing, by a corrupt alliance with minor officials in the Customs service the daily developments in the case established beyond much doubt; but when evidence or

suspicion of this alliance was laid before high officials in Washington, men who so far as is known were *not* lining their pockets with Sugar Trust graft, what was it that kept these men from investigating? What caused them, every one, to drop like a hot plate anything that might — nay, assuredly *would* — have revealed in detail the whole rotten system? What, if not the unwritten law of politics, that they who furnish the sinews of war for a party must be guaranteed a liberal amount of freedom to do as they please should that party secure the reigns of government? The Sugar Trust gave to both parties. By both parties it was studiously let alone. The weighers, appraisers, and other small-fry of the Customs service who engineered the larceny could not have kept the game going, year in and year out, if there had not been a deliberate and persistent closing of eyes higher up. If we would mount to the very summit of moral responsibility we must find out who spoke first. Did the Republican Party — and the Democratic — offer immunity to the Sugar Trust in exchange for financial support, or did the Sugar Trust offer financial support to the Republican Party — and the Democratic — in exchange for immunity?

Is it too soon to advocate an airship subsidy?

A Daily Prayer

Respectfully Submitted to the Chaplain of the
United States Senate.



LORD, we know that certain of these Thy Servants, the Honorable Gentlemen who make up the United States Senate, are wholly Unworthy in Thy Sight. We know that some of them are with us by grace of Force or Fraud or Dishonest Legislatures. We know that many of them have accepted Retainers from Mammon, and come here only to Lobby for Unrighteousness. And we know that most of them are idolaters and unclean, bowing down before the God of Complacency, and spotted with the Leprosy of Self-Pride.

Yet, Lord, we ask Thee not to judge too quickly Old Dotards Blinded by Conceit, or Swollen Gluttons whose Brains are Halt, and whose Hearts have been Hardened by Fat Years. Judge them not yet, though they have transgressed their Oaths and Profaned Our Temples. Spew them not out of Thy Mouth. Let Thy Light shine on them. Give them Understanding — a Little, anyway, if not much. Teach them that, while they Pat One Another on the Back, Thieves in High Places Break In and Steal, and Men and Women and Little Children are made to die, body and soul. Be gracious unto them, Lord, that some day they may learn that Big Business, built on Graft and Privilege, is not the Sole End of Mankind; that Thou who art concerned in the Fall of a Sparrow also takest Some Note of Widows and Orphans, and Citizens of the United States, and All Others Who Cannot Help Themselves.

We ask this in the Name of Him who Scourged the Money-Changers from the Temple. Amen.

THERE IS NOTHING FUNNY ABOUT THIS.

NOR IS IT INTENDED TO BE SACRILEGIOUS. IF YOU LIKE IT, AND
THINK IT APPLIES, CUT IT OUT AND SEND
IT TO YOUR SENATOR.



"MALICIOUS ANIMAL MAGNETISM."

PETROVINSKI SINKOVITCH.

Oh, just the chap to dig a ditch
Was Petrovinski Sinkovitch,
And eat his bread and onion which
He brought in lieu of pie.
And when I passed him sitting there
Upon the pavement's noonday glare,
I'd sigh as I went by.

Now when I leave my desk for that
"Five rooms and bath" we call a flat
I can't help gazing over at
A counting-house that's nigh,
Upon the window-panes of which
Gold letters spell out "SINKOVITCH,"
(A banker now and rated rich.)—
I sigh, as I go by.

Frank Hill Phillips.



ECONOMY:

A FEMININE gambling game, many women becoming such expert economists that they are able to save two cents on a small purchase without expending more than one car-fare to accomplish it. When a young man in moderate circumstances finds that his wife is an economy player he should immediately increase her

allowance, and then try very gently and tactfully to interest her in roulette or some other game that is within their means, and in which there is at least a chance of winning.



A LESSON IN ENGLISH.

This fellow obviously is a good fellow, yet he is not what you would call a good fellow at all.

While this fellow undoubtedly would be called a good fellow, yet he is not a good fellow by any means.

There's no way by which a cheap man can so touch the popular imagination as by playing with fire and happening not to get burned.

PARTY SOLIDARITY.



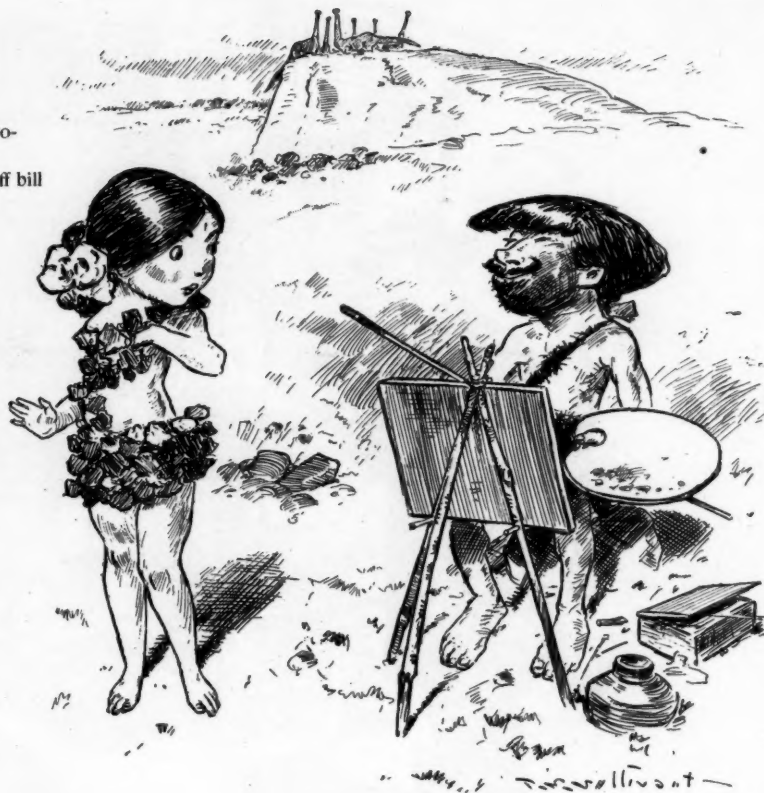
AID Father Taft, and rubbed his hands and smiled an unctuous smile —
A smile that was beneficent albeit a little comical,
That radiated rapidly from tip of toe to tile,
And shook him to the centre of his region gastro-
nomical:
"Dear children, I would talk to you about our tariff bill
That Mr. Aldrich kindly framed!—and make a
passing reference
To how the base Insurgents sought to thwart the
Party's will

By standing up for public weal and not for private preference.
And I would speak a further word about the heinous sin
Of personal opinion, and the evident vulgarity
Of shouting for the people's rights and rashly butting in,—
Forgetting there is such a thing as party solidarity.

"I know, my children, all of you will readily excuse
A higher tax on ev'rything you hold as a necessity;
For Mr. Aldrich thinks the higher-priced the food you use —
The smaller chance for you to sigh or suffer from obesity.
And as for winter clothing to protect you from the storm,
He says the price — and Mr. Aldrich never prattles rapidly! —
Will make you labor longer hours, and thus will keep you warm;
And ev'ry chill will urge you to perform your work more rapidly.
At any rate, I trust that you will not refuse to see
This truth of rare profundity and unexampled clarity:
That what is most important now to Aldrich, you, and me,
Is not a lower tariff but — just party solidarity.

"Of course, my children, some of you may take a foolish stand
And claim that ev'ry dollar of the plethoric residual,
Left over after paying the expenses of our land,
Should settle in the pocket of the worthy individual;
But you forget that love of lucre leads to social crimes, —
And Mr. Aldrich sadly fears the increase of venality! —
So we've resolved to save you from your dollars and your dimes
And place them with the soulless trusts by process of legality.
Yes — yes, my children, I recall that once I promised you
An honest measure that would put all persons on a parity,
But Mr. Aldrich and his friends have helped me change my view;
There's nothing like the Interests — and party solidarity!"

James Ball Naylor.



THE HORRID FELLOW!

PREHISTORIC ARTIST. — Do you—er—ever pose for the figure?
MODEST MODEL. — No, indeed! I would n't think of such a thing!

MAN differs from the beasts in that he can piece out what he knows with guesswork, and thus possess himself of illusions sufficient on which to build philosophies.



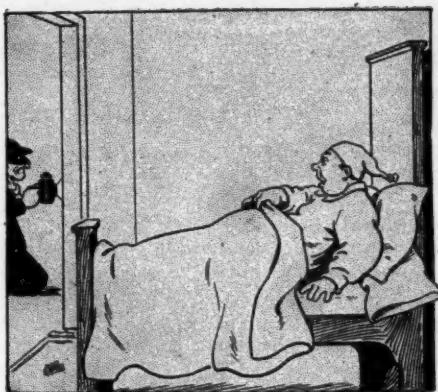
"Oh, of course, in the abstract I believe in woman suffrage, but the trouble is women don't want to vote. They'd forget what month election day came in. You'd have to come with a rig and drag them to the polls," etc.



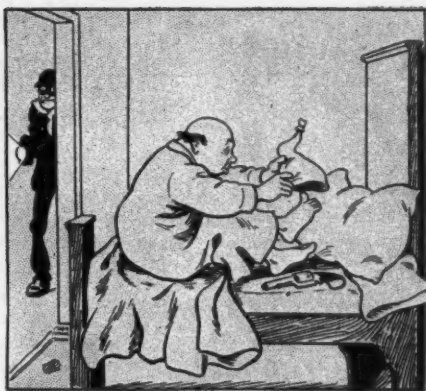
ON THE SUBJECT OF APATHY.

SAME MAN, ON ELECTION DAY, BEING REMINDED THAT THE POLLS WILL CLOSE IN TEN MINUTES.

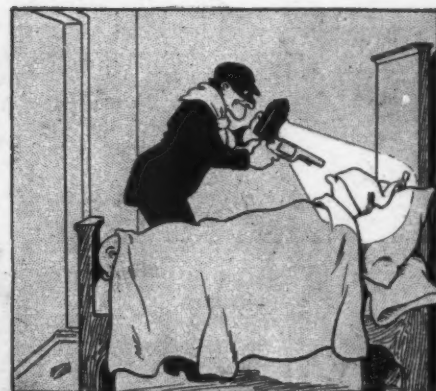
FROM HEAD TO FOOT.



I.



II.



III.

POSSIBILITIES.

NOW THAT Christmas is drawing near, it is interesting to note what you could do in observance of the holiday if you were only situated differently from what you are.

If you were a millionaire, you could easily give your wife twenty-five dollars without grumbling with which to buy Christmas presents for her friends and relatives; but as you only cleared six hundred dollars above all expenses for the year it is utterly impossible.

If you were a cigar manufacturer, you could pass around the cigars to your employees just before Christmas; but as you only get your cigars at actual cost from your brother who is a cigar manufacturer it will be absurd to think of such a thing.

If you owned a sealing ground, you might give your daughter that set of furs; but as you are talking (as you have been talking for the past seven years) of going South for the Winter, there is no use in thinking about it.

If you were a manufacturer of printing-presses, you might give your little boy the one he longs for; but as you have only that small one you got on a bad debt which you are sure you can sell for twenty-five dollars, it is absolute nonsense to talk about Santa Claus making such a Christmas gift to the little fellow.

If you had an enormous house, you might ask your wife's sister to spend the Winter with you; but as you've only got one spare bedroom now it is simply out of the question.

F. H. Williams.



MERIT REWARDED.

ABOU BEN ADHEM was nothing if not practical. Perceiving that his tribe was n't likely, under modern social conditions, to increase much, he turned his whole attention instead to his bank account, with the result that in a relatively few years he could draw his check for anything up to fifty millions, and have it certified.

His manners meanwhile became, of course, those of a rhinoceros.

But when the proper authorities made up the final lists of "Who's Who," lo! Mrs. Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!



IV.

JAM.

"Oh, is n't this an awful jam!"
Said Annabel to me
When we were crowded on the tram
In close proximity.

I looked at her and said: "No, mam!
It's not the awful kind,
But just the sweetest kind of jam
That ever I could find!"

Hamilton Pope Galt.

ALIKE.

AUTO SALESMAN.—Business is booming.
In fact, we are so rushed that we
have filled our orders only up to last April.

AUTO OWNER.—I can appreciate that.

At the present time I have had

repairs made on my car
only to the smash-ups
of May, 1908.



HISTORY ACCORDING TO OUR POKER-FIEND ARTIST:
THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.
THE LOOKOUT (on the "Santa Maria")!—Land! Land ahead!! Land!!!
COLUMBUS.—How often have I told you not to disturb me
unless something really important requires my
presence on deck? How many cards do
you want, Pinzon?

A woman should by all means have brains—not too much to care for the styles, yet enough to look well in them.



THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN:

IF HE WOULD ONLY COME TO NEW YORK AND RID US OF THE RATS!

" And out of their heads the rats
came tumbling:
Great rats, small rats, lean rats,
brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats,
tawny rats."

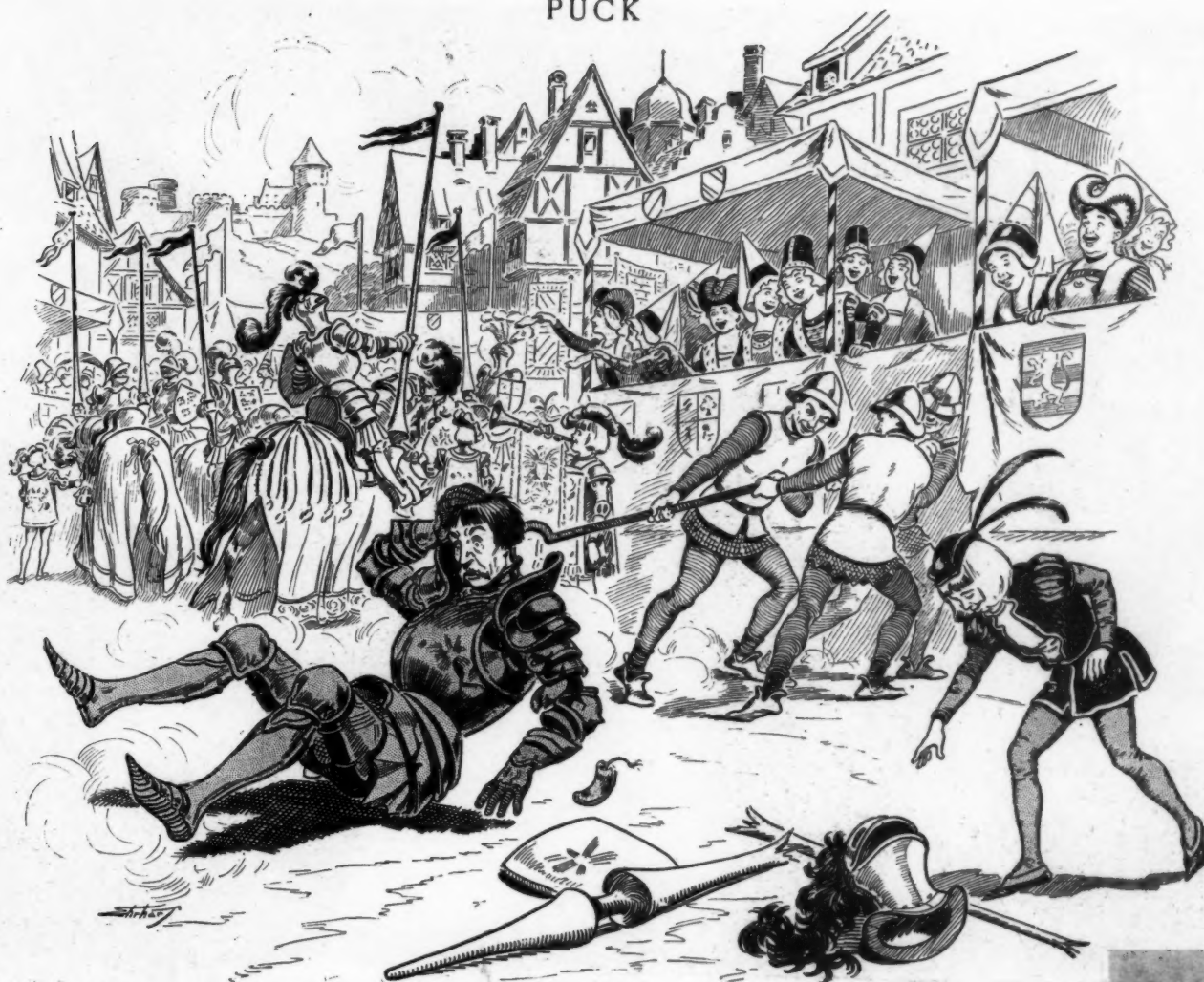
HIGH TIME.

DOES anybody know why measures aren't
being taken with the fat of the land,
which has become so infected with the germs of snobbery that
almost no one can safely live on it any more?

And if it be true that the fat of the land of the free, which has
never been defiled by the iron heel of the despot, harbors an

especial danger, our responsibility is by
that only the greater. Moreover, with stand-
patters in the saddle and overflowing it till
they occupy even the crupper, it is going to be very hard to pre-
vent the fat of the land being increasingly lived on as the years
go marching by.

Will not Dr. Wiley bestir himself and see what may be done?



EARLY VAUDEVILLE—AMATEUR KNIGHT.



QUITE A SPECULATOR.

"How's your son Ab makin' it since he moved over to Beanville?" asked Uncle Henry Clovertop of Uncle Si Shellbark as each drew rein in the road.

"He's gittin' rich. Makin' money hand over fist. Makin' it a danged sight faster than he would ever of made it on the farm."

"What's he doin'?"

"Speckilatin'. He allus did have a good deal of a bizness turn o' mind, an' now he's an out-an-out speckilator. Went over to Beanville an' bought a peanut an' ginger-pop stand for fifty dollars an' had to give his I. O. U. for

thutty of it, an' in three months he sold it for sixty-three dollars, makin' a clean profit o' thutteen dollars. Then he bought out a hoss-reddish an' hulled-corn bizness for sixty dollars, which left him three dollars working cap'tal. Sold out in six weeks for seventy-five dollars, so he was fifteen to the good. Then he buys out a sody fountain for seventy-five dollars, runs it at a clean profit of ninety cents a day for three months, an' sells it at a profit o' 'leven dollars. Now he's organizin' a comp'ny with a cap'tal of a thousand dollars to buy up eggs, an' he's speckilatin' a little in hens on the side. Had a letter from him last week an' he said he had that day bought a dozen hens for six dollars an' sold 'em in three hours for six-eighty-five. I expect to see him on Wall Street soon the way he's goin' now. Speckilatin' is all right if you know how to do it, an' it looks as if Ab knowed how all right."

Max Merryman.

DISTINCTION is oddity after a great many people have been prevailed upon to sit up and take notice.



SKIN DEEP.

EMMALINA GAZELLE.—Is the Beauty Doctor in?

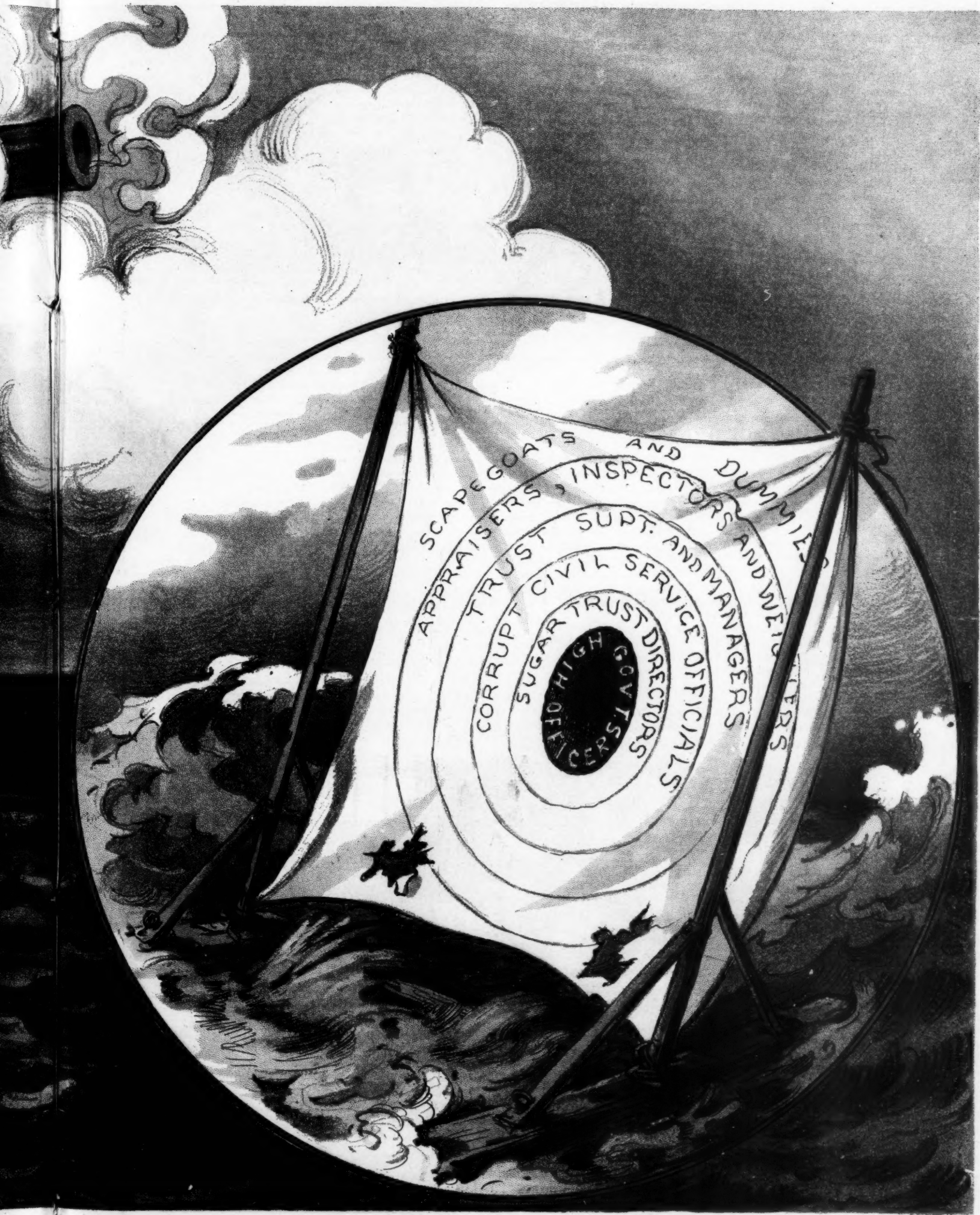
MME. RHINO.—Step right in, m' dear, I am the Beauty Doctor!

Hospitality is for the benefit of those who don't need it. For those who need it we have a cheap substitute called charity.



THE PUCK PRESS

"AIM HIGHER



MIDNIGHT MEMORIES.

CHAPTER I.

I SAT in my chair at midnight,
And I never felt so small,
The Head of the house, but banished!
And I counted not at all;
When, lo! in a suit of whiteness
And fetching little cap,
A vision! with a bundle
Which she laid upon my lap
With smile, and grin, and chuckle,
While my head was in a whirl,
As I gazed upon the bundle,
And she gurgled — "It's a Girl!"

CHAPTER III.

I stood in the hall at midnight,
And I stifled back the yawn
As I wondered me if the "party"
Would continue till the dawn?
The wife was a blooming wonder,
And the daughter looked so sweet
That I did n't half mind the racket
Or the aching in my feet.
But the hullabaloo and gabble!
And the perfume and the crush!
Yet the Girl she must have her shindy,
And we had to rush the rush!

ANTI-SOCIETY.

WHEREAS, the country is now over-run with societies of all characters, from "Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Caterpillars" to "Societies for the Promulgation and Perpetuation of Aesthetic Culture Among the Eskimos;" and

Whereas, the parties who subscribe themselves to this document as charter members of the Anti-Society Society are sick and tired of society meetings, with their attendant dues and papers upon "The Rise and Fall of Tatting Among the Ancient Egyptians," and "Are Individual Cuffs of Utilitarian or Artistic Service to the Aborigines of North, South, and Central America;" and

Whereas, none of the following cares to be spread abroad to the community as bearing a title such as "Imperial Keeper of the Realm," or "Assistant Corresponding Secretary of Chapter B, State of C," or "Critique";
Therefore, Be it Resolved: That the Anti-Society Society shall be formed for the purpose of doing away with any and all societies of any and all characters; and
Be it Further Resolved: That as evidence of their good faith, this Anti-Society Society be dissolved on the spot.

Signed, sealed, and delivered Decuary 32d, .00.



CHAPTER V.

I stood on the steps at midnight,
And the wife stood by my side,
For we needed each other badly
When the Baby was the Bride;
Of course it was right and proper,
For the groom was a likely chap,
But somehow I missed the bundle
That was laid upon my lap,
And wished, as we stood together,
With a touch of tear and smile,
If only old Tempus Fugit
Could have left it there awhile!

Charles I. Junkin.

CHAPTER II.

I stood on the floor at midnight,
And my eyes were blinking shut,
My dreams had been rudely shattered
With a sort of upper-cut;
And Wifey did the talking
As I staggered to my feet,
While the Baby intimated
It was time to rise and eat;
And the couch looked warm and cozy
And the pillows soft as silk,
But I stumbled to my duty
And I warmed the baby's milk!

CHAPTER IV.

I stood on the stairs at midnight,
Where the saints their vigils keep,
The wife was away in Dreamland
But I dared not go to sleep;
For down in the quiet parlor,
Where the lights were burning low,
Was my own little sweetheart daughter
And a beau that would not go!
I knew he had come a-courting,
And I longed to break his head,
A thief that would steal the Baby!
And — I wanted to go to bed!

PEN VS. SCALPEL.

TWO VOLUMES nestled side by side in a library. One was a large dollar-and-a-half book, with a cover in three colors and marginal decorations throughout. It was a best seller. It explained, through the impedimenta of a love affair with a yacht and moonlit nights in the Riviera, all about heredity. It laid bare heredity until the simplest could understand just what came down from parent to child, and just what did not. It cleared up everything in short order.

A little brochure was the novel's companion. It was thin of page and was written by a great scientist. It represented a lifetime of work and study on heredity. In it the author admitted that few points in heredity were undisputed, and told all that was before investigators.

Thus are we reminded of the greatness of our literature.

SETTLED.

HEWITT.—Is he a good writer?

JEWETT.—Certainly not; he won ten thousand dollars the other day in a prize-story contest.

VIEWPOINTS.

THE PESSIMIST.—He drank himself to death. Alas!

THE OPTIMIST.—But not until he had spent his money. Hurrah!

TIT FOR TAT.

MISTRESS.—I fear if you have relatives you will feed them from my table.

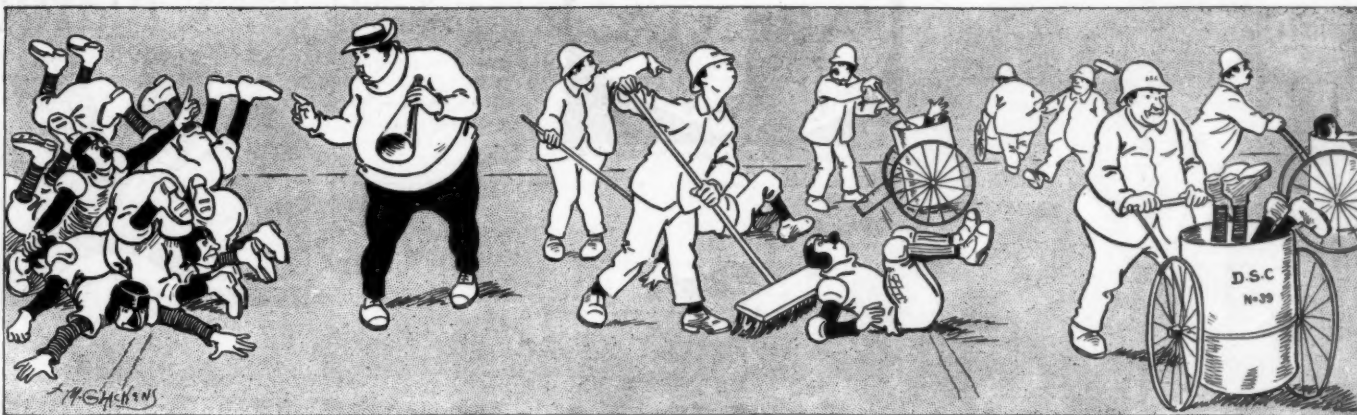
BRIDGET.—I'm afraid if yez have 'em yez'll do the same.



THE COLLEGE TRAINING-TABLE.

THE IDEA ONE GETS OF IT FROM CERTAIN PATENT-FOOD ADS.

ALBERT LEVING



MERELY TO EXPEDITE MATTERS.

TIP TO COMMISSIONER "BIG BILL" EDWARDS, OF PRINCETON AND THE DEPARTMENT OF STREET CLEANING, THE NEXT TIME HE UMPIRES A FOOTBALL GAME.

POOR MAMMA VS. POOR HAROLD.

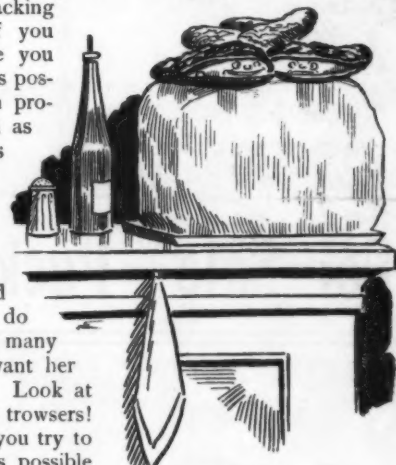
NOW, HAROLD, mother wants her little boy to be a good, good little boy and—yes, you *are* a little boy. You are only fourteen and still in short trowsers, and if that is n't being little I don't know what is. The time will come when you will thank me for the way I have made you obey when you were little and— Hang up your hat, Harold! The floor is no place for it, and how often has Mamma told you that she does not like to have you making so much noise in the house and trying my poor nerves as you do, and—No, Harold, I don't want you going out into the pantry and piecing between meals. It is bad for your digestion, and Mamma wants her little boy to grow up strong and well and you cannot do that unless you eat regularly and the right kind of food at the right time, and— Stop whining! How often has Mamma told you that she did not want her little boy to whine? A little boy with a lovely home such as you have and a father and mother who do everything in the world that they can to make him happy should not— Take your school-books away from that

chair and put them where they belong on the sitting-room table! Mamma wants her little boy to grow up orderly, with a place for everything and everything in its place, and she cannot have you dropping your things here and there and anywhere and— Look at the dirt you have tracked in! How often has Mamma told you to always wipe your feet before you come into the house? And look at— You don't see any dirt? If you don't it is because you do not want to see it! Mamma has enough to do keeping the house clean without her little boy tracking in dirt to make it harder for her. If you were as thoughtful as you might be you would like to save Mamma as much as possible in return for all that she does in providing you with a happy home such as hundreds and hundreds of little boys know nothing about and that any little boy should be thankful for, and— Harold, is that gum in your mouth? How often has Mamma said that she did not want her little boy to chew gum? It is a nasty, vulgar habit and— I don't care if the other boys do

chew gum! Other boys do a great many things that Mamma does not want her little boy to do and that— Look at that rent in the leg of your trowsers!

It does seem to me that you try to make as much work as possible for poor Mamma and that the more she does for you the less you try to do for her. Mamma is sorry that her little boy does not— Look at your hands! How often has Mamma said that she does not like to see her little boy with dirty hands? You don't half wash them at any time, as your towel shows and— No. Dirt isn't healthy! Poor Mamma has to— Come back here, Harold! Do you hear me? When Mamma speaks you must— Very well, I shall speak to your father when he comes home! Dear me, dear me! It does seem to me that the more we poor mothers do to try to make home happy and a place in which our children love to be the less they care for what we do. It is an age of ungrateful childhood."

Morris Wade.



ACHIEVEMENT.

GLUM OYSTER.—Why do you look so blamed happy?

CHEERFUL OYSTER.—I smuggled in a pearl without paying duty.



LOW CONVERSATION.

LIBRARIAN (in a hissing whisper).—How dare you boys use such language here?

SWIPESEY.—Gee! wot's eatin' yer? Can't yer read de sign?

WELL EARNED.

"My only books
Are Woman's looks,"
And these I learn by heart;
'Tis time well spent,
That's evident;
They surely make me smart.

And though I do
In vain pursue,
Still I'll contented be;
For I shall learn
Enough to earn
A Bachelor's Degree. H. P. Gall.

If there is anything that touches the heart of a stingy man it is to learn that it's too late to help.



THE RICHEST PRODUCT OF THE BEST OF MARYLAND'S FAMOUS DISTILLERIES. GUARANTEED BY THE PROPRIETORS UNDER THE NATIONAL PURE FOOD LAW AN ABSOLUTELY PURE RYE WHISKEY

Sold at all first class cafes and by jobbers. W.M. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

A HARD LIFE.

IRRITATED CITIZEN. — Aren't you ashamed of yourself going about with that street-organ and leading such a lazy life?

STREET ORGANIST. — Lazy life? Why, sir, life with me is a long daily grind. — *Baltimore American.*



BOTTLED AT THE SPRINGS, BUDA PEST, HUNGARY

MYRTLE. — Papa does n't favor your calling here at all, George.

GEORGE. — Why, that can't be! Your father gave me a cigar a moment since as I came in the door.

MYRTLE. — All right; just wait till you smoke it! — *Lippincott's.*

JUST IN THE RIGHT SPOT.



I.—NEPHEW.—Uncle Fritz, I was in the gym to-day for the first time. Can you do exercises?

UNCLE FRITZ.—I should say so. I was an expert in my young days.

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; it insures your getting the very best.

Philip Morris
ORIGINAL LONDON Cigarettes



They're a ripping good sort of a smoke.

CAMBRIDGE 25c. AMBASSADOR 35c.
regular size alter-dinner size

"The Little Brown Box"

"This is the wrong train."

"Excuse me, conductor. I did not mean to step on your train. Very careless of me."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

"Do you think baseball will ever get a foothold in England?"

"They play it some."

"As strenuously as we do?"

"Well, no. They serve tea between innings, I understand."—*Pittsburg Post.*

For Sale—Puck's Originals.



WING to the many requests for the original drawings of pictures that have appeared in PUCK, the Publishers have decided to place them all on sale. These drawings by PUCK'S artists are in various methods, — pen-and-ink, "wash," crayon, pencil, etc. The original drawing is from three to four times as large as the printed reproduction.

PUCK has a large selection of these drawings by his representative artists framed and on exhibition in his own art-gallery, Puck Building, Houston and Lafayette Streets, where you are cordially invited to inspect them at any time. The prices will vary. PUCK will gladly quote price on any drawing you may select. Refer us to it by giving page and number of PUCK in which it appeared. Price will include express charges to destination.

This is an opportunity which many of the admirers of PUCK'S artists have long sought.

Address PUCK,
295-309 Lafayette Street,
NEW YORK.



II.—NEPHEW.—Well, then, follow me if you can. One!

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

COMBINATION FOOTBALL SONG.

For use: Insert any college in blank spaces.

WINS TO-DAY

TUNE: MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB.

1st Stanza.

_____ 's team will win to-day [sung].

Win to-day [whistled].

WIN TO-DAY [shouted].

_____ 's team will win to-day [all up].

WE WILL WIN TO-DAY [stamp with feet].

[Regular _____ cheer.]

2d Stanza.

_____ 's team has won to-day [hats off].

Won to-day [slow, for emphasis].

Won to-day [wave flags].

_____ 's team has won to-day [kick in

unison].

We have won to-day [harmony; repeat].

"Crew," "nine," etc., may be substituted for "team."

"Yesterday," "to-morrow," "last week," for "to-day."

"Lost," "tied," etc., for "won."

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

FERTILE IN EXPLANATION.

SHE.—George, did you mail that letter I gave you last Monday morning?
 HE (*cornered, but fertile in expedients*).—No, I did n't! And what's more, I demand to know its contents!
 SHE (*amazed*).—Why, George, what's the matter?
 HE (*inwardly delighted*).—I'm jealous, that's what's the matter! Madly, desperately, insanely jealous!
 SHE.—You dear old goose! It's only a letter to Cousin Sue.
 HE (*apparently much relieved*).—Is that all? How foolish of me. I'll go out and mail it at once.—*Plain Dealer*.

THE NIGHT NURSE.—Has that medicine come the doctor promised to send?
 THE DAY NURSE.—Not yet.

THE NIGHT NURSE.—Then I guess the patient will live through the night.
 —*Chicago Tribune*.

DOUBLE-TRACK DIFFICULTIES.

"We've got a great road now," said an enthusiastic Grand Trunk man to a Canadian Pacific man. "We've got it double-tracked clear through to Chicago."

"Huh!" said the Canadian Pacific man to the Grand Trunk man, "I don't see what you want with two tracks. You can't keep your trains on one." —*Saturday Evening Post*.

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III.—"Two!"

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ASKS FOR PROTECTION.

"Pardon me, Your Honor," said the young lawyer, "but I'd like to arrange for police protection hereafter when I have business in this court."

"What do you mean, sir?" queried the astonished Judge.

"I mean what I say, Your Honor," replied the y. l. "Yesterday I lost a suit here, and to-day my hat is missing."—*Chicago News*.

BRIDGET.—Will yez have your dinner now, sorr, or wait for the missis?

HEAD OF THE HOUSE.—Where is your mistress, Bridget?

BRIDGET.—There's an auction beyant the corner, sorr, an' she said she'd stop there fer a minnit.

HEAD OF THE HOUSE.—Have dinner now, Bridget.—*The Sun*.

Yes, friend,

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"Johnnie, if I give you two cents and your father gave you three cents, how much would you have?"

"Seven," promptly replied Johnnie.

"You can't have understood me, Johnnie. Now listen, and I will repeat the question. If I give you two cents and your father gave you three, how much would you have?"

"Seven," said Johnnie again, and with some promptness.

"I am surprised at you, Johnnie," said the teacher. "How on earth would you have seven?"

"I got two in my pocket," said Johnnie.—*Philadelphia Times*.

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IV.—"THREE! OH!!!"

—*Lastige Woche*.

"LOOK HERE! this milk of yours is half water and half chalk. What do you mean by advertising it as strictly pure?"

"Madam," said the milk-dealer, with reproachful dignity, "to the pure all things are pure."—*Exchange*.

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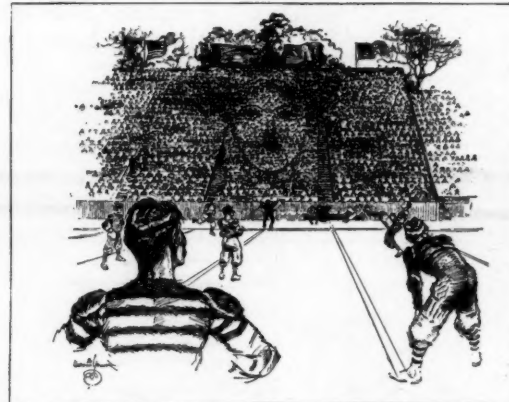
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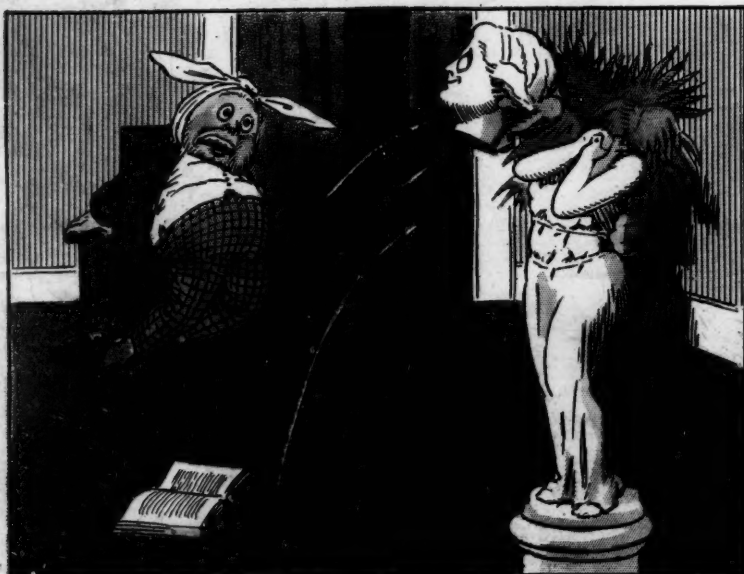
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